THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers.
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, { EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1848. WHOLE NO. 1431.

Original Poetry.

LINES

Written on the Departure of the Old Year

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. S. J. MEGARGEE.

Farewell, farewell to the olden year,
With its moments glad, and moments drear,
Its scenes of light and its scenes of gloom,
Its joyous respite and cruel doom.

Farewell to the friends whose smiles were ours,
When first we counted its fleeting hours,
And heard, unfearing, their accents dear
A welcome sing to the gay New Year.

Farewell to the tears that dimmed our sight,
When our hearts were darkened by sorrow's night,
With no ray of joy the gloom to cheer,
The hours seemed long in the Olden Year.

Farewell to the moments, swift and bright,
That took, unheeded, their joyous flight,
Moments so fraught with rapturous bliss
That we thought no world so fair as this.

Farewell, Olden Year, no more thou'lt bring
Tidings of ill on thy speedy wing,
Nor wilt thou again a smile bestow
On the heart o'erburdened with weary woe.

And now with heart's ease we'll crown the brow
Of the youthful King who is with us now,
And pray that no sorrows their thorns may rear,
To cloud the joy of the bright New Year.

TO MISS —— ——.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

That Summer eve when first we met,
Amid the gay and festal throng—
Ah! never can my soul forget,
The joys that to that hour belong.

When dreamy night o'er half the earth
Hath thrown her dusk and dewy pall,
Oft rising into radiant birth,
Thy vision comes at fancy's call.

Again I see thy bosom rise,
As when thy gentle hand I took;
Again those deep and tender eyes,
Are veiled beneath my ardent look.

And when, 'mid Summer's leafy bowers,
I wander far o'er hill and dale,
Thy breath seems floating from the flowers,
Thy voice comes murmuring on the gale.

Where'er I roam, where'er I dwell,
Embathed in love's celestial light,
Thy memory haunts me like a spell,
A presence beautiful and bright.

Providence, R. I. N. K. B.

For the New Year.

BEAUTY AND GENIUS IN OBSCURITY.

A TALE FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BY MRS. MARY B. NORTON.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE POST.

Gentlemen:—I have been much delighted with the following little tale, which I find in one of our Western papers. In re-publishing it in the Post, you will, I am confident, give all your readers a pleasure. Perhaps many of them have read it, but it will well bear re-reading. Yours,
GRACE GREENWOOD.

"All are merry, all are happy, all are loved, in this great city, but one unfortunate! All happy, all gay! And I, with a spirit loving all things beautiful, longing for companionship with the gentle and refined, with the knowledge burning within that I might adorn the circle of intelligence, so distant from the sphere I move in, I must live and grieve, and die, in this pent-up atmosphere, with no name in the world's history, no place in any mortal's memory!"

Oh! the bitterness of that gifted mind—the crushing hopelessness of that lonely lot! Worse than the bed of languishing was the sickness that filled that soul; worse than death, far worse, the coldness that was creeping over that rich heart!

A young girl sat by the window of a low dwelling, in a crowded street. She was a foreigner, with the dark rich beauty of her native land triumphant through the gloom of heavy sadness which rested on her eloquent face. She sat with her head drooping, and her beautiful hands clasped—a picture of hopelessness, lovely even in its coloring of abandonment to the bitter hour.

Lonely and touching was that sorrowing one; and when a voice from a bed in one corner of the room faintly called "Corinne," the struggle she made to overcome the oppression of her spirit, so she might answer the call composedly, gave her high brow a holier charm, and made her seem, in that poor dwelling, like the mortal type of those who are the invisible agents of heavenly mercy.

That was indeed an humble room—a very humble room for genius and beauty to make a home of! No birds were there, no flowers, no music from hearts or lips! Sickness was there, and gloom; old age, and fretfulness; shadows and sighs! The only sunshine there, was the young girl, in her patient care of her sick mother; she never complained of that. The greatest shadow on the hearth, was that of an old man, sullenly brooding over bygone days; an old man, withered by the going out of fiery youth, when there was no other inner life, to give a charm and freshness to the aged brow. That shadow was ever on the hearth—her mother's wandering words ever in her ear. Why wonder that the lonely girl gave vent sometimes to the bitter tide flooding her heart; that she pined for sympathy, as a weary and fainting traveller in a strange land?

The morning upon which that sad soliloquy was breathed, when the heart of the spiritually-longing girl seemed weighed down with a new heaviness, was New Year—"happy New Year;" and she had felt anew how little she was cared for—how little the world possessed of gladness to her, as she heard the noisy greeting of children in the street, and saw the little gifts shown proudly around. She passed from childish joy to the proudly pleasure of older minds, rejoicing in tokens of affection on this day of festival; and, in her solitude and sadness, envied all sinlessly the blessedness of those remembered by the loving.

Yes, it was New Year's day in New York. The air was clear and cold—the heavens in a most favorable state for communicating the bright morning greeting of gay, generous Old Sol, to our fair Mother Earth. The streets of the famed Gotham rested from the constant pressure of loaded drays upon their stony breasts, (forgive me that I should make them so cold hearted,) and the closed shutters of the "legion" merchants on Broadway gave silent notice, that young clerks dealt with more animate things that day than measuring sticks and silks, and were not "at home" to never so anxious customers.

All over the great city, creation's lords looked in their mirrors anxiously, and put the finishing grace to whiskers as carefully turned as a lady's curl.

All over the great city, white gloves and well-brushed hats lay upon bachelor's tables, ready for the hour which fashion had said was the proper one to commence "congratulations."

And all over the great city, luxuries were laid out, as if the slaves of Aladdin's lamp had been called upon for a univeral feast.

Door-bells rung; servant men and maids, answering them, received large packages and small, all eloquent with compliments and gifts.

Fifes were played, drums were beaten, trumpets made their loud alarum through the nurseries of all homes, where baby-boys played war with their new toys; and wonderful was the birth of waxen beauties, with marvellous blue eyes—out of order soon from constant using—which made the hearts of baby-girls bound with the embryo emotions of motherly joy.

Some young ladies' hearts were dancing, some trembling hopefully. Some young mens' hearts were delightfully calm and firm some dreadfully undetermined by diffidence and doubt. But all had hope! ALL!

There was no rich table spread in the close room called Corinne's home. No toilette received *her* thought—no gift came, with its voice of love or friendly interest. She listened to no footstep, for there was none but would pass by. She waited for no fond kiss, for the lips of brother and sister in the wide world's family were to her as if they had been of ice; they were deadly cold to the stranger in the low dwelling!

Alone upon the sea of life! with no star in the heaven of hope—no voice on the dreary waste of deep, dark water to soothe! Poor girl! Poverty in gold was very light to bear, compared to that dread poverty the soul was crushed by! Her duty was the one object of her life. She freely gave her youth and strength to it; but it made her eye dim, sometimes.

Her mother, beautiful but weak, had, after her first widowhood, been bought by an old man's gold. The wealth which had bribed her to forget the dead, was lost and she soon sank into a languor of the heart and mind, that made her child's life a constant sacrifice.

The husband, stunned by the fall from affluence to poverty, and with no heart of youth to win back by patience his lost riches, became morose and sullen, leaving to his step-daughter the miserable effort to gain their daily bread.

Was not this a home to break a young spirit down? No comfort in her mother's smile, for there was scarce a ray of reason in it; and the shadow of that old man, a stranger as it were, ever on her hearth! She must not leave *her* to die, or *him* to starve, and so she poured the wealth of her gifted intellect out lavishly for their sakes, coining her lofty thoughts for food.

A few months ago, they had lived in a sunny land, a land of poetry; had looked upon a landscape of vineyard, stream, and wood, which they could call their own. And now they were the tenants of a low, mean dwelling, across the waters, over which they had fled in pride and poverty. The mother sickened with the change, and became as helpless as a child; but the old man's nature turned to hate, for the beautiful Corinne had been, innocently, the ruin of his house.

A young Italian Count, wanting in all things honorable, had offered the noble girl indignities, which she resented so proudly, with such galling contempt, that his evil nature was excited almost to frenzy, and he determined to bring her down to poverty, if not to shame. It was an important crisis in the step-father's affairs, when this bad purpose was resolved upon; and its accomplishment brought bitter trial to the virtuous Corinne. The old man cursed her often as the destroyer of his fortunes—the dark shadow upon his life.

She a shadow of evil! Old man, look upon the hearth!

Before the noon of that New Year's day, a clearer paleness stole over the mother's face—a stranger brightness filled the wandering eye. "What can it mean?" whispered Corinne's heart.

It means, poor orphan child, that the Author of the life, to you burdensome, is nearing her reward—that the old man brooding selfishly will soon be left a griefless widower, the solitary sharer of your unhappy destiny—that while you gaze, the spirit of one that has been mortal is filling with immortality—with visions all too wonderful for speech!

And gently, peacefully, the spirit passed from the earthly to the heavenly. Corinne stood by the bed of death, moved by its sanctity, but more envying than grieving, as she saw the calmness settling on those features, so lately troubled with the expression of a fading mind's unquiet. When her father left her for his better home, Corinne had needed every consolation; for to him she owed all the cultivation of her intellect—the best affections of her heart. But her mother's beauty had been her only dower; and when disease came to her, the weakness of her mind became more distinct with fading loveliness. Alas! that one who had received the precious gift of an immortal child, should ever neglect devotion to it, for fond attentions to charms not half so beautiful as a mother's love!

Yet as Corinne gazed on her beautiful parent, no longer restless with life, she trusted that the weakness she had mourned over would be most mercifully dealt with in the great judgment court; for her mother had been a petted, darling child, and the sin of selfish vanity must fall more heavily on other heads than hers.

Until sunset the orphan was busy round the dead, who slept so peacefully. The old man made no sign that he was moved, sitting, as he always sat, and his voice muttering, as it always muttered, dark words against the virtue whose keeping had cast him from his place of honor down—down to the wretched fortunes of that hour.

The beauty which he had sought with childish eagerness to win, was like the loveliness of the child whose purity had ruined him, and so it became hateful to him. Death upon that white brow could not soften him, for the armor of his soul was the steel of selfishness; and no dart but that which would destroy his own mortal nature could pierce it.

Corinne had finished the duties which are called sad—she had shrouded the still waving lines of beauty in the last robe—when a knock startled her. It was a strange sound in that dull place, and Corinne hastened to answer it, as speedily as if it had been the voice of an angel visitant, whispering, "Let Hope in!"

There was no angel visitor upon the threshold as she opened the door; but Hope *did* come in. A gift was handed her—her, the lonely, the uncared for! A New Year's gift! of a valuable Italian work, elegantly bound, "A tribute from a friend, who respected talent and great fidelity." And the note which accompanied it—how kind, how *loving*, full of warm interest in her history, hinting at a present necessity of the writer's remaining unknown to her; but breathing throughout a half-veiled passion like a lover's.

The old man had raised his head anxiously at the sight of the unexpected package; but had bent it again with something like a groan, as a richly ornamented book alone repaid him for the effort. He thought it might be gold.

Oh, it *was* gold to one poor heart there! It was a voice from a human soul—a bright link thrown to her from the social chain, binding her anew to the outer world. It was a gleam of light dancing through all the dark chambers of her soul, giving her new life even in that visiting-place of Death. It was true that she had on that New Year's day lost all sympathy of blood with the race her mother sprung from—but the long chilled current of her heart had been warmed, and began to flow as the youthful tide ever should. The icy crust at the fountain-head of joy gave way at the warm touch of friendliness. Even her eye was moistened with the sweet waters, so refreshing to her thirsty soul.

And when she sat down by her mother's bed again, she almost trembled at the power a new hope had over her; she almost saddened again in believing she was cruel to her mother's memory, in filling her place so soon with a new image.

But her parent had been dead to her for months; and the joy of being thought of, loved, had been born to her since the sun rose. We cannot wonder that the day of festival did not end in such tears as it had opened with.

Passionate, gifted, spiritual Corinne Gietti, gave the rich treasure of her unshared thoughts to the author of the earnest note lying close to her heart; and that New Year's evening, by the departed, remained forever clear in the young girl's memory when time and happiness had faded the impressions of her other lonely hours.

"My poor, poor Karl! What gladness can all this wealth and brightness give me, when my only son, my darling boy, is losing all his loveliness in the love of wine?"

Was there any cause for sorrow on this New Year's evening in the rich dwelling of Peter Van Schenck? Was the heart of a millionaire troubled as one crushed by poverty?

Brilliant were the rooms, and gay the meeting of young friends, in the mansion of a father grieving for his first-born. The New Year's tables were loaded with delicate confections; the fanciful Chinese and antique stands were burdened with costly gifts; dazzling light fell all around, illuminating curtained recesses, rich in cunning bijouterie; and music was there with flowers, smiles and their mother—Hope.

But a *shadow* was there; and although the blaze of light might fall directly on that father's brow, it could not take the shadow off. And though the mother's eye sparkled sometimes at one joy left, the light could not put out the glimmering of a tear, which trembled on the lashes, drooping often and heavily upon the cheek. And although the sister shone a gem of beauty beneath the brilliant ray, it could not pierce the inner temple, where lay the ruins of strong affection, and gild them joyfully.

A son, an only son—a brother, an only brother—with a warm heart, and intellect refined by a student's life, had given idolizing friends a taste of sorrow more bitter than that the death-call brings. For many years young Karl Van Schenck had loved the wine cup better than the peace of hearts; and on this annual festival occasion had ever returned at a late hour, and with a polluted brow, to his aristocratic home. The anxious ear of father, mother, and sister, had ever caught the well-known sound of his uneven step, as it approached their door, and listened, as it slowly, stumblingly, passed over the stairs which led to the erring one's room. The New Year's night was sure to bring the trembling form, the wandering eye; for the many calls during the exciting day brought many a draught of poison to Karl's lips.

Oh! away with this red snare of wine, which evil lurks in, because it cannot linger amid the fruits and flowers which innocence loves so well! Let it no longer fascinate with its glowing eye and biting tongue the sons and brothers, who pass from house to house with the New Year's congratulations! Let Nature's unpolluted gifts, the varied confectionary of ingenious Art, and the cheering contents of the smoking urn, be enough of hospitality, without the luxury which a mistaken generosity offers to easily excited lips!

But what light stronger than the brightness of that artificial day—what joy greater than the youthful hope upon the faces of that gay company—has cast suddenly away the shadow from the father's brow—has quenched the tear in the mother's eye—has gilded the ruins in the sister's heart? Nothing more bright than the presence of a young man, who, presenting a beautiful bouquet to Kate Van Schenck, kissed her cheek lovingly.

It was the son—the brother! His eye was clear, his fine form erect, his hand firm and warm, as he grasped his sister's, with an emphasis that had a world of meaning in it. He met his mother's eye with the consciousness of its joyful wonder glowing in his face, and sought her side, after due attention to his sister's guests, with the fervor of a prodigal.

He had a gift for both his parents; but what were gifts, compared to his dear presence, as he stood there, in manly beauty, with reason unwavering—with intellect unquenched by wine! And oh! how merrily to them now passed the hours! All was shadowless, now that the light of Karl's clear eye fell upon the scene.

A gleam of joy had come to the rich dwelling, while the beautiful watcher by the untroubled couch dreamed of new life.

That night a strong man bent his knee for the first time before the Throne, and asked for strength to overcome a foe. It was Karl Van Schenck, sanctifying by earnest prayer his vow of reformation.

'Twas New Year's Eve again. Twelve months had passed since Hope had sent her angels to the poor dwelling of Corinne, and the young Karl's luxuriant home. The lowly room was desolate now; but again the rich mansion of Peter Van Schenck was dazzling with light—again a gay company was assembled in the spacious rooms. But the rooms were crowded now, and more lavishly adorned with the rare embroidery of flowers. Jewels flashed, feathers kissed snowy necks, rich dresses added grace to lovely forms. All was life, all flutter, all animation. It was a bridal. Whose?

Who was the bride? The "very beautiful," whose romantic story was on all lips? Who was it that bore herself so gracefully, so nobly, before a multitude of eyes? What made all hearts acknowledge there was worth enough under that gifted brow to equal rank? and wonder not, that the passionate love of such a creature had won a victim from fast strengthening chains?

It was Corinne!—Corinne, the lonely orphan girl!—who stood now by the side of Karl Van Schenck, the wife, the idol of his soul! It was Corinne! raised from the darkness of her low home to this brilliancy of fashion and wealth!—Corinne! the dreaming watcher—the laborer for bread—now petted by a happy family—now the object of such love as she had longed for in heavily-burdened hours!

And never was there a happier bridal; never was there a lovelier bride known in the proud circle in which the Van Schencks moved.—Even the old man, whose shadow had been upon the hearth so long, caught the admiration of the crowd; and made himself useful now in telling how wealthy he had been! and ennobling his beautiful step-daughter's purity by giving it as the cause of their changed fortune. The old man's heart was softened wonderfully by the homage Corinne was now the object of.

But how came this all about?

One little year ago, and the unknown friend sent his first token of interest—aye, *love*—to the young foreigner. One little year ago, that affection was first acknowledged, which had the power to raise the lover from the "downward way" to the glorious height of temperance and prayer. It had proved a more persuasive guide than filial or fraternal love; and led him to his home a changed—a liberated man. All unconsciously Beauty and Genius in Obscurity had brought light and joy to high places clouded in grief.

Karl had first seen Corinne in the office of the publisher, who accepted her articles to his own profit more than hers. Struck by her peculiar beauty, he had sought all means to know her history, watching her secretly in her regular visits to the publisher, (the only visits she seemed to make,) and strengthening at every sight of her the interest which had been awakened in his heart.

He read her eloquent appeals to the wayward, the sinning, the uncharitable of the earth, with wondering admiration and delight. But just before that memorable New Year's day, he had been touched to his very soul by one of her womanly defences of the weak and erring, in which she had declared she would sooner trust the being whose leading passion was the love of wine, than one whose spirit had untruth for its foundation—who steeped his words in sweet deceit, and smoothed his brow with falsehood. There was no hope where beautiful Truth was not permitted to be a guest; but the strong draught did not always or speedily drown the noble sentiments of the soul.

Karl felt that she was right—that notwithstanding his years of weakness, the heavenly whisperers were not all hushed—that the refinement of his mind was not yet made gross by the companionship of those who spurned all moralities. There was hope for him; and on the first morning of that New Year, he earnestly resolved to keep his lip from touching the glass which might be offered him during his many calls. When evening came, his lip was pure of the red stain; and with a hopeful heart he sent his first offering to the gentle girl whose image had strengthened him.

Corinne was too holy in her loneliness and trials for him to bring shame and sorrow to her, and Karl determined to make her his own wedded wife, if he could win her, after a trial of his vow of temperance for half a year.

He still remained unknown; but the solitary Italian constantly received some earnest token that the one heart in the gay outer world still beat warmly for her—soon would pray for a gift coveted beyond all things else. He *must* have intercourse with her, thus to keep his spirit strong.

The six months passed away, and the "unknown," treasured so faithfully in fancy, had not long to wait for the devoted girl's declaration that she was indeed, in her loneliness, "*all* his own." Her proud spirit could not brook, however, the contempt or condescension she might expect from the wealthy family she must enter, if she wedded Karl; and it was not until the loving Kate warmly claimed her as a sister, and the parents of her lover blessed her for the joy she had brought their aching hearts, that she was convinced her dower of purity was more costly in their eyes than lands or gold.

Corinne would wait until the anniversary of the day so memorable to her, before she gave her hand to Karl, and so on New Year's night she became a bride. Her husband always blessed her, and turned not away from the upward way she had pointed out.

Oh! let not the lowly and the gifted sorrow, that they act no part in the world's history!—Some pitying, softening word, dropped on man's heart, may melt it to good deeds, giving new music to the spirit of some loving one, and a new song to angels.

A TRACT.—A colporteur opened the door of an Irishman's shanty in the Second Municipality yesterday, and putting in his head, in a very pious tone asked the owner of the domicil, who happened to be in at the time, "if he would accept of a tract of the Holy Land," meaning, of course, an essay on that interesting portion of the world. "Yis," was the reply of the Hibernian, "a whole section, if you give a good title-deed. But I should like to know if there is much of it prairie, or if new settlers are subject to the agur there?"—*Delta.*

For New Year's Day.

TIME, BETWEEN THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

From "The New Miscellany," published by Lindsay & Blakiston.

The strength of the Old Year is wasting away;
He is mournful and wrinkled, decrepid and gray,
For his Joys have departed, his Hopes are all fled;
He has looked upon woe, he has wept for the dead;
He is burdened with error, and laden with crime,
And he prays for release from the sorrows of Time.
Now the dial-plate points to the hour of his doom,
And he waits for his sentence, in silence and gloom.

But the face of his rival is free from all fear,
Not a shadow has clouded the happy New Year;
For his cheerful young heart is still sunny and bright,
While gay fancy has colored the world with her light;
And the soft touch of Time, which he feels on his shoulder,
Makes his blood mantle higher, his heart beat still bolder,
As impatient he waits till the midnight shall toll,
In the pride of his strength to rush forth to the goal.

Oh, pause for a moment, thou mournful Old Year,
My confessions of sorrow, in pity to hear!
For each grief of the heart, for each sin thou hast borne,
I full often have wept, and forever must mourn;
Though I know that thy record is written above.
The dark page may be cleansed at the fountain of love.
Let thy voice not be heard to condemn me, I pray,
When my years shall come forth at the last dreadful day.

To the happy New Year, a glad welcome I sing,
Though I know not what trials or joys he may bring;
He may sadden each month with the sight of man's woes,
As he on his course to eternity goes;
But my effort shall be, that no error of mine
Shall imprint on his visage one sorrowful line;
Then, when aged, and weary of life he shall be,
He will breathe, as he dies, a fond blessing on me.

Selected Poetry.

FROM FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

THE NARROW WAY.

BY ACTON BELL.

Believe not those who say
The upward path is smooth,
Lest thou shouldst stumble in the way,
And faint before the truth.

It is the only road
Unto the realms of joy;
But he who seeks that blest abode
Must all his powers employ.

Bright hopes and pure delights
Upon his course may beam,
And there, amid the sternest heights,
The sweetest flowerets gleam.

On all her breezes borne,
Earth yields no scents like those;
But he that dares not grasp the thorn
Should never crave the rose.

Arm, arm thee for the fight!
Cast useless loads away;
Watch through the darkest hours of night,
Toil through the hottest day.

Crush pride into the dust,
Or thou must needs be slack;
And trample down rebellious lust,
Or it will hold thee back.

Seek not thy honor here;
Waive pleasure and renown;
The world's "dread laugh" undaunted bear,
And face its deadliest frown.

To labor and to love,
To pardon and endure,
To lift thy heart to God above,
And keep thy conscience pure,—

Be this thy constant aim,
Thy prayer and thy delight;
What matters who should whisper blame,
Or who should scorn or slight?—

What matters—if thy God approve,
And if, within thy breast,
Thou feel the comfort of His love,
The earnest of His rest?

Interesting Sketch.

THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

From Sketches of American Life

A thousand miles in a bird's flight from the Atlantic, and sixteen hundred from the Pacific Ocean,—nearly four hundred from the source of the Mississippi, and more than two thousand from its many mouthed entrance into the Gulf of Mexico, the waters of that river are precipitated over the rocks of St. Anthony.

Itasca Lake is the *fons et origo* of the far-flowing Mississippi; several small streams running into it have presented their claims to the kind considerations of geographers, to be called after this great father of waters, the child's name not to be Anthony, for there is one already of that kin in the family, but Mississippi. Some eight or ten explorers have visited this lake; situated in a country where the earth is frozen nine months of the year, uncultivated, amid savage tribes and thick forests, or extensive plains, but few inducements are offered to the visits of strangers; even the latitude of the lake has only been determined within the last few years. A winter, rugged and rude, generally abides on its borders, or whitens the boundless meadows of this region; and the cold winds sweeping over the sea-like expanse, with its waves of drifted snow, form an atmosphere whose horizon is bounded within a few yards.

Two centuries ago, Hennepin, a French priest, who had floated down from the Canadian colonies, on a pious mission among the Indian tribes on the banks of the river, drew his canoe out upon the beach, nearly a mile above these falls. We can imagine the inquisitive eyes with which this first adventurer walked along the shore first trodden by one of his own race, whilst his dusky companions bore the frail birchen boat on their shoulders around the falls. Nature here has undergone but little change since that day. The Indian still carries his canoe around, to avoid the perils of navigation; the same expanse of prairie extends westward, and the same prolific varieties of animal life people the lakes and streams of this wild region. He who first spoke of the cross in this land, baptized these falls by the name of one of the Fathers, and that name they still bear. Proper associations must have been stirring in the mind of the pious missionary.

The Mississippi, in the beginning of its course, flows through high table lands, but thinly inhabited by wandering tribes of Indians, who have not brought an acre of soil under cultivation, and who live upon the buffalo, deer, elk, and other animals upon its banks, the fish within its waters, or the wild rice growing in its tributary lakes and streams. They are the sole inhabitants of the country from the Western shore of Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains, if we except, at long intervals, the stations of the few fur traders established among them. This high, rich and prairie-like country, variegated by woodlands, watered by fertilizing streams, and possessing every requisite for the support of a large population, is dwelt in by these few tribes of savages; yet this belt of territory has been encroached upon from the North by the colonies of the Hudson Bay Company, and on the South by the American settlements around the Falls of St. Anthony. The Selkirk settlement numbers some five thousand souls, scattered for thirty miles along the River Assiniboine and Red River, and extending to Lake Winnipeck; this population is composed of Scotch, English, the descendants of the former French inhabitants, and *half-breeds* or descendants of the French and Indian races. The settlement is under the guidance and protection of the Hudson Bay Company, who supply the colonists with coffee, tea, sugar, clothing, spirits, &c. once or twice a year, by ships bound to Fort Severn, in the bay; from whence there is almost a continuous water course to the lake. The inhabitants are nearly all in some manner connected with the company; they are paid but a small sum in money, but a regular ration of tea, spirits, &c., is appropriated to each one employed; nearly the only compensation given in return are the furs of the country; of these, much the most valuable are the furs of the silver fox and marten; but the beaver, bear, buffalo, muskrat, and wolf have each their value in the market. The country about the colonists is also well suited for grazing cattle, and many large herds are owned by the settlers, even in this high latitude (fifty degrees,) where the winters are probably as severe as in the seventieth degree in Europe. The most of the cattle are without shelter during the winter, and many of them support themselves by feeding on the rushes, growing in the wet ground, which cannot be approached until it is frozen.

West and South of the Falls of St. Anthony within a distance of forty miles, there are probably fifteen hundred souls, with nearly a like number of Indians North and East in the same distance. The Indians draw an annuity from the United States Government in consideration of the cession of some of their lands.

The Mississippi River runs through nineteen degrees of latitude, a space extending from the Northern part of Ireland to the rock of Gibraltar. At its source the winters have the rigor of those of Norway, at its mouth its seasons are those of Spain; the fir and the birch grow about its Northern springs, and the palm, the live oak, and orange at the Balize; it is closed by ice in November in its Northern course, which is melted early in the spring before it has floated within many hundred miles of its mouth; "long, wandering, but not lost," it flows for the first four hundred miles through a high prairie-like country, until it is precipitated over the Falls; then, having descended from the high shelf of land it has lately watered, it flows for the next seven hundred through one of the most beautiful regions inhabited by man. Within this course the scenery is totally changed. The chief features are the hills, varying from fifty to two hundred feet in height, which skirt the shores of the river, and wooded or covered with a rich sod to their summits—sometimes stretching forward to the edge of the water, and again retiring for some miles, giving place to the rich prairies between the river and their sloping green sides. The current is gentle, and it is navigable through the whole of this course, and the waters of the river, until made turbid by the Missouri, have nearly the transparency of the Rhone at Geneva. The river is often dotted and thrown into diverse channels by islands, as in many places to give it the appearance of a lake. The islands support occasionally heavy growths of timber, or, if recently formed, a thick and almost impervious mass of underwood.

Some two hundred miles below the falls is the old French town of Prairie du Chien, settled more than a century ago, and now probably containing five hundred souls. Whoever first pitched a tent here had a keen eye for the beautiful. On a long and even prairie extending from some miles above the town to the mouth of the Wisconsin River four miles below, and bounded a mile or two back by bold hills and in front by the Mississippi, is situated the town, or rather the clusters of houses here and there, called, in the common language of the country, "The Prairie." The view of the hills on the opposite side of the river is one of great beauty; the eye takes in the whole extent of the valley. Within a stone's pitch beneath you, but some two hundred feet below, is the Mississippi, of the breadth of a mile and a half, but so intersected and blocked by islands that it is difficult to find out the main channel. Over from this, and bounded by the girdle of green hills, are the straggling hamlets of Prairie du Chien. The view is made up of woodland, islands, clear running water, green meadow like expanses, and the rural abodes of men. The Winnebago tribe of Indians still use the western banks of the river through this region as their hunting-grounds, though it is rich in all the resources of nature.

East and south of Prairie du Chien, the lead region gives occupation, and probably wealth, to a large population. What there is in a mining district to impress on every thing around an air of cheerless poverty, I cannot determine; but in traveling through nearly every State of the Union, I have certainly met nowhere with apparently so wretched a population as there is in many parts of this mineral country; the cultivation of the soil, a certain means of subsistence, is abandoned for the hope of more speedy gains. The chief mart of this trade is in the town of Galena, built upon a small sluggish stream called, most appropriately, Fever River. In traveling through the upland prairies of this neighborhood you will see many hillocks of earth, as far as the eye can reach, as if some huge animal had been burrowing beneath and thrown the dirt in that manner; but you may by chance meet two or three men with a bucket, a rope, a pick-axe, and a portable windlass, and the difficulty is explained. This, in the language of the country is a *prospecting* party, which being interpreted, means that they are on the lookout for ore, if it is to be found within ten or fifteen feet of the ground; having come to the end of their rope at about that depth, and found nothing, they remove elsewhere, the *prospect* not being good. When ore is found they either sell out their discovery or mine the vein on a small scale for themselves. Nothing can be more primitive than the mining of lead as here accomplished; there are no large shafts, no safety-lamps, no steam-engines, no ventilating arrangements; a hole is dug in the ground and ore, often from the very surface, dug out. The refining of the metal is equally simple. An iron plate is fixed at an angle of about twenty degrees, with grooves in it, tending downwards to one point; a fire of coke is kindled on this, the ore mixed therewith, and in a few minutes the metal streams down the grooves of the plate, where it is received in an iron pot; from this it is poured into moulds, and it is then ready for the market—pure lead, save its alloy of silver, which is said to be from one to four per cent. When at Galena, a few months ago, I saw some twenty casks of lead ore on the wharf, each cask probably weighing a ton, which was about being shipped to France in order that the silver in the ore might be extracted, and thus repay transportation of so heavy an article for five thousand miles. Of late years, I am told, the mining in this district has been conducted on much more extensive and scientific principles than those I have mentioned; but when I last visited the mines the process was as described above. The town of Galena is one of the dirtiest I have ever been in; it is situated in a valley, with abrupt hills around it, seven miles from the Mississippi, and the muddy trench along which the Fever River flows, or rather stagnates, is a foul receptacle of all the malaria in the neighborhood, and of the arsenical vapors generated in the smelting furnaces; the country is of course unhealthy. But how delightful to come out of this congregation of vapors, and breathe again the pure air of the high hills or prairies around. From this town to St. Louis a continued succession of villages or towns has sprung up along the river, most of them pleasantly situated, on some high land above the reach of the freshets of the river, and on a bank that offers the indispensable advantages of a sure channel on that side, and a rocky or pebbled shore.

The Falls of St. Anthony have a perpendicular height of about seventeen feet; they are highly picturesque from the immense masses of rock that have been torn off by the water wearing its course upward. The whirl of waters around these rocks at the base of the falls constitute the greatest attraction. The river is here probably the third of a mile in breadth, with a narrow strip of island dividing the falls. For the distance of a mile below the current is impetuous, and flows among large rocks. The descent given to the river by these falls throws it into a deep channel, cut between the high hills on either side until the point is gained seven miles below where the St. Peter's enters.

I have recorded the advent of Father Hennepin to the Falls of St. Anthony; let me, after the manner of great historians, put on record my own. It was on the day, or rather the evening, of the 21st of September, 1846, between the hours of four and five, that I cast my first fly into one of the turbulent eddies at the foot of the falls. I will not dissemble my emotions of joy on finding that it scarcely had touched the water ere a most lusty bass seized it at his own. One glance at the falls preparatory to threading my way down the rugged descent had been enough to daguerreotype them on my brain for all time. By jumping from rock to rock I had made my way some yards out from the shore, and unconsciously had my fish hooked before being aware that my foothold, far from being sufficient to play him, was not large enough to move more than a few inches on either side. Luckily he had dipped beneath a rock not more than a yard from me, and lay quiet; I deliberated how I was to act in this emergency. Without disturbing my friend beneath the water I quietly let out some twenty yards more of line, spinning it off from the reel with my hand; I then gathered some coils of it up on the rock in my place, and as speedily as I could made my way to the shore. I then wound up my silk till my rod formed a comfortable angle for a gentle hint to be given to the tenant of the other end; a slight strain roused him, and we forthwith joined issue. A pretty affair we had of it—plaintiff *versus* Richard Roe. Roe struck across a current enfiladed by a tremendous press of water, where I will do him the justice to say none but his kin could have held their footing for an instant. As it was, he got under the lee of a rock, where he hoped to find breathing time; but he had his turn and I took mine. I roused him the moment I saw he had come to a halt; he shifted quarters immediately, till the tug became too hot for him; his foothold was too small, and I knew he had in his eye a shelter across a long and dangerous channel, which if he reached he was safe. He made a dart for it, but the current and the ugly affair in his mouth hurt his headway; he became confused, lost his way, and was down in the midst of pools and rocks before even he or myself were aware of his whereabouts. I quickly wound him up, and he fairly floated for a few instants on the water for want of breath; but he was game to the tip end of his caudal fin. Here I had the first sight him; a noble black bass of some four pounds or so. I towed him as gently as I could towards the shore, but was afraid he was playing false merely for a breathing spell; nearer and nearer he came until he fairly touched the beach, but at the first groundings he made a plunge or two and was off again into swift water. The current fairly did with him as it pleased, however, and in a few minutes he came to the surface and shore almost at the same time, a perfectly exhausted fish. I took him with a rude fly of home manufacture, made of the feathers of a grouse's tail, the body of yellow silk, a big, fat bulky looking affair, but very prepossessing in the eyes of a bass. I found these fine fish held in contempt most of the delicate, tight-laced, and elegantly dressed flies I offered them; they prefer a cross between the Grecian and Rubens form, with colors not too glaring. This fly with which I caught my first fish on the Upper Mississippi was about three inches long; in contour it was not unlike the regularly accredited salmony fly. I took at different times probably thirty bass with it, until, in fact, it was so mumbled up, that it had lost nearly all its original shape; I made it in some fifteen minutes' time, but no hour's labor that I could bestow on any subsequent effort seemed to be so successful. Turbulent waters like these require a very large fly, nor are extra colors of much avail; the fly is whirled off so rapidly by the current, and the light is so modified by passing through quick water that two or three colors are all that are necessary. I have been amused by seeing the bass *nose* this fly even after it had become so ruffled as to prevent their taking it outright. Even when this was the case, however, I caught three or four bass one evening with it, by throwing it with a strong swing of the rod horizontally, directly against the fall of water in Little Fall Creek, a fall of some 60 feet, of a beautiful stream directly below the Falls of St. Anthony; the line would be carried off so swiftly that it was impossible to keep sight of it. R. S. H.

St. Louis, Missouri.

Pictures of Life.

THE SNOW-STORM ON THE ICE.

BY W. D. WADE.

Soft and beautiful does the snow frequently fall in large flakes, which as they touch the earth, become by the aid of the next succeeding frost, one solid mass,—over which the bounding sleighs and carioles pass pleasantly and cheerily along; whilst the surrounding shrubs and trees present such a sparkling picture of crystal and silver, that it needs but little of fancy's magic power, to recall youthful visions of fairy-land. Many a merry drive may the readers of the present sketch have enjoyed, and the season for a renewal of such pleasures is at hand. They may have joyously driven through the gay city, or coursed swiftly and happily amidst the sombre majesty of the (now far off) primeval forest; but such a drive as is about to be related, it is to be hoped may never be the lot of any one of them.

The scene of the following incidents was in the neighboring province of Nova Scotia, at a place which may not unaptly be named "Three Rivers," from the circumstance of three considerable streams there falling into the head of the harbor, which opens into the gulf of the St. Lawrence.

The town is situated below the fine sheet of water into which these tributaries pour, and looks out upon the wide expanse of the open sea.

Did not the season (at the date of the story) forbid, a glowing description might truly be given of the picturesque and attractive scenery along the shores of the head of the harbor, and even as far back as the lofty range of hills, that circumscribes the pleasant view of this glorious amphitheatre, which during the short summer, or in the usually agreeable autumn, can not fail to be greatly admired.

As it is, we must fancy that nature had put on her garb of ermine, for the winter's cold, and that from a house pleasantly located on the banks of one of the above noticed rivers, a party left home and *took the ice*, as it is there called, to go and dine with a friend in town.

The day being clear and fine at starting, no precaution was taken to get upon a regular track, which is indicated by a long line of spruce, fir or hemlock or pine bushes being placed erect in holes made in the ice, as soon as it is strong enough for that purpose, where they quickly freeze, and, as all approximate as they converge towards the town from the various points, have a very pleasing appearance; their dark hue, and even the regularity and straightness of these lines contrasting well with the dazzling whiteness of the frozen fluid, or the still greater brilliancy of the superabundant mass of snow.

Before advancing far, however, one of those sudden and violent falls of snow, and sleet, and hail, accompanied with gusts of wind rapidly changing from one quarter to another, overwhelmed the travellers with perplexity, and nearly obscured them in darkness.

The *evergreen guides* could not be discovered, and they continued their course in uncertainty and at random. The cold was intense, but as the distance was short no uneasiness was anticipated on that account;—yet as time was protracted and the storm increased, it became painfully perceptible that the provisions made for security against the inclemency of the weather was nothing like sufficient.

On sped the well-trained mare which had been inured to cold and fatigue, and was accustomed to the ice—and the distance she had gone over must have been more than twice double what it should have required for the journey, when she suddenly stopped.

For some time she had been left to her own guidance and the sagacity of her well-tried instinct—but tired and bewildered she seemed to know it was in vain—and piteously she turned her head as if to require direction and help from me.

All was blank—to be more completely lost and confounded was impossible. Blinded, benumbed and stupefied with the cold, what was to be done?

To advance, owing to the exhausted state of poor old "Sall," from plunging the heavy drifts and facing the pitiless blast, was not at once practicable; and yet to remain long in that spot would be certain death.

Then vividly flashed across the mind the horrid thought that the town had already been passed in the obscurity, and that any course thus uncertainly taken might only be tending toward the unfrozen and open sea, in which all might be engulfed suddenly and unawares—and yet the conflicting fear obtained to such a degree that the imagination fancied the roar of the swelling flood within hearing.

After a rest of a few moments and encouraged by her master's voice, the faithful beast once again breasted the storm which was now at its height; long icicles hung from her eyelashes and nostrils, and every hair on her body was stiffened with the frozen perspiration.

The lady was of course obliged to remain in the sleigh and throwing a thick woollen shawl over her head as an additional veil, and drawing the buffalo robes closely round her, sat in silent and gloomy contemplation of their too probable fate.

The gentlemen walked behind the sleigh holding on to it—presently a voice was heard close at hand—an answering shout was raised, and the party was joined by a man who in the greatest distress of mind and body, informed them that he was almost done out, and had just given himself up for gone, when he stumbled on them—he stated that he had started for the town with a sled-load of hay and two horses—that he must have got beyond the town, and somewhere near the light-house—that his horses were drowned, and his hay and sled had broken through the ice along with them, and where lost, too—on the very verge of the open sea—that he verily believed in a few moments more, he should have laid himself down in despair to die, so worn out and dispirited did he feel—how long he had wandered about till he had met them, he could by no means conjecture, nor in what quarter lay the ocean, or any other given point.

Sadly and wearily the little group moved slowly on, and despondency was approaching to torpor and apathy, when during a transient lull in the tempest (which still raged, though less violently than before) some far off indistinct sounds greeted the ear.

Faintly and fitfully came the joyful sound of the church bell across the ice, and was gratefully drank in by the greedy ears of the listeners.

It told of safety, it pointed out their situation and called them from despair to hope.

Surely they could make out to reach the shore now; the very mare soon appeared to take courage, for she, too, had heard the sound and made for it, pausing at intervals to hear a repetition of it and be assured of the true direction; and she continued her exertions with spirit, till trembling with the exhaustion of fatigue she arrived at the wharf.

Without seeking to unveil the secret feelings that had agitated those forlorn sufferers, it will be easy to imagine their thankfulness when fairly housed in the hospitable mansion of their friend, and renovated by kind attentions and genial warmth, they reviewed their deliverance.

The unrepining female at all events, could not much longer have endured the bitter piercing cold of the drifting snow and hail; and all looked battered and worn out with anxiety no less than fatigue, and there is no knowing how short a time might have sufficed to have incapacitated them for further exertion, and indeed even taken away all desire to make any—for they were sensible that the lethargic feeling was creeping over them.

It was surmised that many persons must be out on the ice, as the storm had come on suddenly; so the bells continued tolling throughout the whole night, and several other distracted wanderers were saved by this wise and customary expedient.

One poor woman, however, had proceeded on foot, on her homeward way, too far to hear them, and perished. Her home was a little log hut, romantically situated on a projecting point of land that stretched away into the bay.

Fancy to yourself the aged grandmother seated in the chimney nook, by the side of a blazing fire (made of drift-wood collected by means of a canoe during the summer) and trying to pacify the unweaned babe that was impatient of its mother's protracted stay—the wonder of the simple unsuspecting family as to where she had remained in the town for the night; and the peaceful way the evening passed with them, whilst the unfortunate mother was perishing almost opposite her own door.

How awfully to her must have passed that long evening, and that dreary night which was her last in life! Who can tell what thoughts of home, of husband and children, she was never again to see in the world, oppressed her heart! Did despondency weigh down her spirits, or did she to the last hope that each step might rouse the bark of welcome from their trusty dog! Who knows!

None can tell how the hours passed with that forlorn one.

It was conjectured that she must have passed the greater part of the night wandering up and down, aware of the danger of stopping, as the snow was trampled down and tracked all round the spot where she was discovered late on the following morning.

The body was not quite cold, though the lamp of life was extinguished never to be re-lumined to cheer her humble home.

She had laid herself composedly down with her little purchases around her, and the features betrayed no agony of spirit.

Hers was not the only soul summoned by the King of Terrors during that fearful snow-storm, (long to be remembered in that region,) for the intelligence of many similar deaths was received from the adjacent parts and from the gulf-shore.

Inscrutible are the ways of Providence, but there is often times a moral to be drawn from the most unfathomable depths of the mysterious dealings of the great Creator.

That bell whose holy call is so often heard, yet unheeded, may on this occasion have touched a chord whose response will ever after be attended to.

The reflections on the saving effect attending that call, to those who are in despair, and who would, but for it, have perished, are surely calculated to suggest religious feelings, and give rise to thoughts respecting the many affectionate and urgent calls of the church, in time of spiritual need, and at all times, and will naturally lead to a contemplation of the only and everlasting safety, to which we are called by the voice of religion.

The snow-storm on the ice had doubtless its mission, but whether it was instrumental in saving an immortal soul from death, whilst it was the means of destroying the bodies of men, is known only to the All-wise; but callous indeed must those hearts have been, if any there were amongst the rescued, which were not softened and ameliorated by a sense of their preservation.

This plain relation of the circumstances also, if so ordered whilst it is written for the *amusement*, may have a tendency in directing the *feelings* of the readers; in which case so much will be added to the good which may have resulted from the incidents here recorded.—*Boston Weekly Museum.*

ELOPEMENTS OUT OF FASHION.—Runaway or clandestine matches are no longer fashionable in England. It is now found that although they promise beforehand so many sweet enjoyments, they almost invariably prove bitter afterwards. The Queen has very pointedly discountenanced them; and women begin to understand that the men who run away with them, do not respect them. The female who can commit a folly to-day, is likely to commit a folly to-morrow.

Miscellaneous.

THE ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA.

JOURNEY ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF DARIEN—ITS DANGERS AND DIFFICULTIES.

In the present excited condition of the public mind regarding California, and the various routes by which that country may be reached, a letter of a traveller will be interesting to the reader. As our fellow citizens who are hurrying off, to be owners of the precious metal of the Pactolian rivers, will have to encounter on the Panama route, for which, on account of the great saving of distance, many are about to go. We therefore copy from the New York Herald, the following information, which, from some source, we have not learned, but from a long-lineal residence at Panama, and for, quent journeys across the Isthmus, that paper seems fully competent to give a clear and correct idea of the route and its difficulties:—

THE TOWN OF CHAGRES.

This town, as it is usually called, but in reality village or collection of huts, is situated at the mouth of the river Chagres, which empties into the Atlantic Ocean. It is but a small village, and the hardest observer of a mortar hunk of lead, and is dedicated by the castle, which is built on a high bluff over the town. The village itself, is merely a collection of huts, and is situated in the midst of marshy land, and the cantonment would prevail at Chagres, keep it in a swampy condition; so much so, that logs of wood are laid along the centre of the streets, while passengers to avoid the deep mud which is always to be found there. Chagres is inhabited by colored people entirely, with the exception of some few officials at the Castle and in the Custom House. Its population is about 200 souls. The climate is the most pestiferous for whites in the world. The coast of Africa, which enjoys a dreaded reputation in this way, is not so deadly in its climate as Chagres. The thermometer ranges from 70 degrees to 95 degrees all the year, and it rains every day. Many a traveller, who has incautiously remained there for a few days and nights, has had cause to remember Chagres; and many a goodly crew, who have entered the harbor in full health, have, ere many days, found their final resting place on the dark and unfathomed banks of the river. Ruinous, however, as the question fever, in its most malignant form, seem to have over Chagres, it ought to possess charms on the stranger. Even the acclimated resident of the tropics runs a great risk of his life any time in Chagres; but the stranger, from from the North and its invigorating breezes, runs a most fearful one. The trade of Chagres has for thirty years limited to the forwarding of goods across the Isthmus; a small drop of it has been sufficient to supply the inhabitants of the village itself with their watery clothing. The trade of the Isthmus, consisting chiefly of gold dust, bullion rubber, and sarsaparilla, is sent down the river for transhipment to the United States and the neighboring West India Islands. Thus Chagres is but a depot, and to real business it contributes nothing.

THE RIVER BOATS.

The traveller, who for the first time in his life embarks on a South American river like the Chagres, cannot fail to experience a peculiar depression of spirits at the dark and sombre aspect of the scene. In the first place, he finds himself in a small canoe, so small that he is forced to lay quietly in the very centre of the stern portion, in order to prevent it capsizing. The river itself is dark, muddy, and rapid stream; in some parts quite narrow, and again at other points it is from 300 to 500 yards wide. The journey to Cruces or Gorgona, from 45 to 48 miles, is not a long one.

A light canoe, with two active boatmen and her one passenger, will reach Cruces in ten or twelve hours, whilst a heavier one might require thirty-six hours to accomplish the passage. The passenger must take his provisions with him, as none are to be had on the river, and a good wine skin will be found a great convenience, as the river water is an unsafe fluid: it is apt to derange the bowels, unless Alcavel in some way hinders drinking it. In view of the great and sudden rise of passengers to Chagres at the present time, it is impossible to say how they will be accommodated with canoes, and what the river journey will cost. In former times the supply of canoes was quite limited, and the charge depended on the celerity with which the journey was performed. A dollar(1) (6) was the lowest charge for a single passenger, and from that up to two, three, and even four dollars.

CRUCES.

He may now congratulate himself on having achieved the most tiresome part of his journey, and but twenty-one miles of land route intervene between him and the Pacific Ocean. Cruces—Cruces is a small village, situated on a plain, immediately on the banks of the river, which here are high and steep. Gorgona, the other landing place, is a few miles below Cruces, and is likewise a small village, very similar to the former. From these two points, both about the same distance from Panama, there are roads to that city, which unite about nine miles from it.

JOURNEY ACROSS THE ISTHMUS.

The usual method of performing it is on horse or on mule-back, with another mule to carry the baggage and a muleteer who acts as a guide. The road is a mere bridle path, and in the rainy season the Isthmus are very heavy, and there is more or less of them all the year round, the mule-foot and swampy places to be crossed are very numerous. The only safe plan for the stranger to pursue, is to carry his provisions with him. Meat, biscuit, sausages, preserved meats, and such kinds of portable provisions, are the best to carry. After a toilsome journey of some eight or ten hours, the entrance of Panama is at last reached, and the sight of the broad and glittering Pacific Ocean, and the white towers of the Cathedral of Panama, which are seen at the distance of about four miles from the city, give the new arrival a pleasure which he never can forget. He is now in a city, no more than two years old, whose name is known to the remotest corners of the globe!

CITY OF PANAMA.

The city of Panama is situated on the shores of the bay of that name. It formerly contained from 5,000 to 7,000 inhabitants, and was a quiet, still place, during the late, brought but the sound of the convent and church bells disturbed the horses of the citizens in their gunnings in the public squares, which were all arrangements with grass. The trade carried on consisted in importing dry goods from Jamaica, for the supply of the Isthmuses, the neighboring province of Veragua, the pearl islands, the town of Chiriqui, Darien, and their vicinities, and the various little inland towns. Goods also were sent down to the ports of Payta, in Peru, and Guayaquil, in the Ecuador. The returns made for these goods, consisted in the produce of the Isthmus, such as gold dust, bullion, India rubber, pearl oyster shells, (from which the mother of pearl of commerce is made,) sarsaparilla, &c. Agriculture is at a low point on the Isthmus, as not enough sugar can be made to supply the city of Panama, and they depended for their supplies of corn, flour, salt, sugar and provisions, on Peru or Jamaica, on the Atlantic side. The climate is insane, and from the 1st of May to the end of the year rarely ceases long and severe. The nights in Panama, however, are much cooler than many in the tropical climates.

ITS MARKET AND ACCOMMODATIONS.

On account of the extreme heat, fish that are caught in the morning are not fit by the afternoon. Beef, goat's flesh and pork must also be eaten immediately after killing, or else they will spoil. Fowls and chickens are dear; vegetables, such as beans, cassa, and the various kinds of yams, plantains are scarce and dear. Tea and coffee, as well as chocolate, are expensive; and wines and liquors, on account of the enormous duties imposed upon the latitudes, are likewise dear and of inferior quality. It is only within a few years that a public house has been established; previous to that, travellers had to depend on the hospitality of those to whom they carried letters of introduction.

THE HEALTHINESS OF PANAMA

at the present time, is a matter of astonishment, when the fact, that a few years ago, crowding all excesses and the sight not, a person can pass for health; still, the hearty man, and continual damp atmosphere are very necessary to take every precaution. For though healthy, when compared with Chagres, it is by no means, a safe place for exercise and strangers from the North.

A GOOD ONE.

A gentleman of wealth wanted to borrow a sum of money of a friend by a short note. The friend in his own note, simply answered by declined paying stamps. To make certain his application, he went to each of the directors separately, and urged upon them to exert their influence for him; each of them assured him that as he had made no action or influence word, it should be in his favor—that they would vote for him—and that they hoped The gentleman went home, confident that he should get the money his next day, and with diminished day. The directors met, and voted unanimously not to increase the note, each one thinking that he alone had promised the applicant. Each one, then, he could throw the blame upon the others. At the proper time the gentleman applied for the money, and grand was his surprise to find that there was none for him. Furiously, he went to the directors, "personally, you are honorable and respectable men, but collectively you are a set of rascals."—*Boston Transcript.* *Ed. Journal.*

(1) A man was lately brought before a magistrate charged with stealing a coal sheep; the magistrate dismissed the complaint, observing, that there was no such thing, as when a sheep died, it became mutton.

THE GAMBLING AND DRINKING HOUSES OF PHILADELPHIA.

Judge Parsons, with his strong, straight-forward, and manly character, has taken a bold stand in the city recently empaneled professional blackguards and Philadelphia. Not more than three or four regular gambling houses exist within the limits of the city, and these are conducted with so much system and caution, that for years past no one except those immediately connected, knew anything of their existence. In the case of the fact that a few months since, a respectable citizen who lived in Southwark, was induced to enter one of these, was convicted and sentenced by Judge Parsons to three years in the Penitentiary for permitting and assisting in a gaming house. The case was carried up to the Supreme Court, and there affirmed, and the sentence will be carried into effect. We have seconded, however, with a great deal of difficulty, in getting access to two of these establishments, both in Chesnut street, and one in Walnut street. They are splendidly furnished, and the entertainment of the most perfect quiet and politeness. A free supper stands ever ready for the guests in a side room, and wines and liquors are furnished gratis and of the best quality. The principal game played here; although poker, hog, and other cut-throat games are occasionally carried on in a private way. The visitors seldom meet with surprise on coming, many of them, from a chain of society from which we were not aware of the existence of such a thing. However, it is not our purpose to expose individuals; but we will say that if the person present and betting at a gambling-house in Chesnut street on every sultry night about the 1st of August, and S. Morris & Co.'s grocery on any afternoon against the proprietors of the house, will be much benefited. In fact, public entertainers in Philadelphia so has not been seen for many a day. The police are perfective of the location of these houses, and they also know that, from the character of those who frequent them, it would be almost impossible to keep them secret, and thus blast their own reputation and destroy their profits. However, they have their eyes on the watch; and at the first slip, these houses will be indicted and their keepers sent to the Penitentiary. Let these keep close, or they will be "spotted."

Beside the regular gambling houses, there are several private clubs, the principal business of which is, of course, gaming. Some of these have always regarded a club as worse than a professed gambling-house. In the latter you at least know what you are about, and can govern yourself by your own open; while, in the former, the greatest harm is inveigled in under the name of respectability and conviviality, and filled with as little consideration as possible by the regular blacklegs. The clubs and gambling-houses in New York, as described a little while since in the Tribune, are unquestionably immoral; literally, and further than of them is unnecessary.

Another species of gambling-house, however, of which we have seen no account, is a great plenty in Philadelphia, and about the days, especially the packet-money of a large class of young men, boarding houses in the city. We are in great plenty to the number of fifteen or twenty, and are conducted with the most perfect quiet and respectability. Each of the anti-gambling law, the business of hosting at these places is ostensibly prohibited. However it is a subject of public knowledge, and therefore as well be plainly seen by detailing a little concerning the Lodge, and the manner in which these places a few nights since.

"Jack," Jim, I'll bet you five dollars before we go up on the boat at five games."

"Done"—and I'll go you a theatre ticket and supper besides at Delmonico's into the bargain."

"Done."

Thus the law is violated constantly at these establishments, while the keepers are never the wiser of it. Nor do we see that any one can justly be condemning, *per se*, the recreations of bowling and billiards. They are, if moderately indulged in, wholesome and manly sports. The crime is confessed that a portion of the company which frequent these places, do so for the purpose of drinking intoxicating liquors, and that the proprietors encourage, or rather wink at this, in order to increase their profits. But the principle is *just the same as in the case of the keeper, or on the moment and power of the* so *it* reprove.

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the post office to which it is changed, as well as the Post Office they wish it changed from.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as that of the Post Office, or they will be liable to confusion all competitors. Let it be remembered, also, that the postage is *just the same on a letter, paper, or on the manual and power of the* so *it* reprove.

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the post office to which it is changed from, as well as the Post Office they want it changed to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as that of the Post Office, or they will be liable to confusion all competitors. Let it be remembered, also, that the postage is *just the same on a letter, paper, or on the manual and power of the* so *it* reprove.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends the Postmasters will excuse us for again calling their attention to the terms of this paper. We have no desire to be considered, *per se*, the recreations of bowling and billiards. They are, if moderately indulged in, wholesome and manly sports. The crime is confessed that a portion of the company which frequent these places do so for the purpose of drinking intoxicating liquors, and that the proprietors encourage, or rather wink at this, in order to increase their profits. But the principle is *just the same as in the case of the keeper, or on the manual and power of the* so *it* reprove.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.

We are indebted to Messrs. Charles Brown and C. Mc'Ilvaine, Members of Representatives, for Congressional Documents.

HENRY BENSON; OR, THE EVENTS OF TWENTY FOUR HOURS.

In another column will be found the notice of the publication of a very interesting original tale with the above title. It is produced from the pen of almost four numbers; as we never allow ourself, however good, to encroach upon our readers' advertisement reading. We shall give a more elaborate notice of the papers containing this tale, after we begin to publish them in numbers. But we advise all new subscribers to send for back numbers, if possible, in order to begin with the first chapters, and insure the reception of the numbers containing it. The extended station we have lately made for the last two years, viz: "The Saturday Post," "The Pioneer," "The Visionary," and "The Post Boy Extra," are generally known to entitle us to the confidence of the public, and we will do our best endeavors to merit the continuance of the same. We shall spare no pains to make the Saturday Post the cheapest and most interesting

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1843.

THE DEAD SEA.

Lieut. Lynch, the commander of the expedition to the Dead Sea, recently arrived at Washington. It is supposed the chief soon forgot all about the adventures. In the mean time, we publish a few statements that have already come to light. The Norfolk Beacon mentions the following articles as being a few of the curiosities brought home by the expedition:

A number of specimens of the water of the Dead Sea, the River Jordan, and the Pool of Siloam; and fragments of the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was transformed, as a punishment for her disobedience to the command of the Almighty.

In regard to this last, we are informed that the fragments, which it was taken, rose nearly forty feet high, and was exactly in the spot designated by the Bible—and that Lieut. Lynch, the commander of the Dead Sea Expedition, expresses the confident opinion that it is the representative of what was Lot's wife. We believe it has not been seen before for many centuries. Josephus records its existence.

There are many other curiosities on board the Supply—an Egyptian mummy, a pair of the camels of Arabia, canoes made of wood from the holy mount, and shells from the shores of the Dead Sea, gazelles, &c.

It is a shame to spoil a good story, but Lieut. Lynch denies ever having expressed the opinion that the pillar of salt at the representative of what was Lot's wife. Its height (forty feet) is certainly against such a supposition—although it may be said in reply, that "there were giants in those days." Lieut. Lynch inclines to the belief that the column was formed by the action of the elements. He says:

In passing the mountain of Sodom (Sudom,) we unexpectedly came upon much to our astonishment, a column of rock-salt, standing in relief from the mountain N. E., which proved to be a mass of rock-salt, capped with a calcareous stone of lime, and gypsum limestone. Mr. Dale took a sketch of it, and Dr. Anderson and I took with great difficulty hacked, and procured specimens from it."

Dr. Durbin, who travelled in the East some years ago, believes that this column is one of the objects where to that expressed by Lot in his flight and imposed in connection to Lot's wife.

The following extract of a letter from Lieut. Lynch to the Washington Union possesses a peculiar interest:

When the small party, just returned from the Dead Sea, first entered upon its waters, they were in high spirits, one and all, to the conclusion, that having embarked what others failed to do, and accomplish, the object of the American name was at last to be theirs! It was reserved for us to prove the practicability of navigating the Dead Sea.

On the evening of the 8th day, however, on the Southern Sea, we were unexpectedly met by the wind as a common sweeping from the desert of Arabia, which was directly ahead of us, and against the prevailing head. On the afternoon of the 14th, on the coast of Judea, the wind increased and greeted us a reputation of Cherubim from Kenah, the Kishon Mount of Olives.

The joy of this people at meeting us was unbounded. They formed an triumph of joy, and labor, (sour milk,) all they had, and some at nearly the whole night hooting a wild dance, whereupon to regale us. When told that we had come to bring them the Word of God, and from those holy words learn of the Saviour Jesus Christ God for all! He was not known to Moses! When told that we did, they said that we must be sent from before God! He looks to the heart! We are Christians! And brethren they cried out to call us to the last.

We could not cause their anger, but concluded that they are either the descendants of one of the last Good Friday, or have received the Word to the Testament or the numbers, had escaped the Mohammedan alternative of "Mohammed is the record," or of the Crusaders under the Christ last Lord of Kenah. They numbered about two hundred and fifty families, and live in the immediate vicinity of the Mount of Olives, overlooking the Pool of Siloam. Within the walls are also the Beth or one hundred Mohammedan families, and the Beth India of the Greek Convent, the whole numbering were hooted and early fighting men.

The Christians were in an extraordinary state of their town, about seventeen miles distant in the northern part of Moab. They could not tell us why they did not conceal the perils of the road; but they confessed that they were unprotected by the government, and in consequence would not dare expose to be seen.

I determined, however, to accept their invitation of all kindness; but, it was necessary to have been recruited by a more trusting atmosphere to meet convenient hour. In the afternoon of the 15th we left Jericho.

We had not proceeded far, when at the rear of the train the consternation which was raised on the left, and cries of "Bedouins!" met with the better. Our Nubian guide—but without the least hesitation, but for the lonely intermediate—at full speed to the front, and in a few minutes we were on hand again.

These poor Christians are much tyrannized over by their Moslem neighbors. These may place or their wives threatened with violence, and with a little call or a church, which can scarcely hold twenty inside, be the only place for their public devotion, from the ignorance of truth, seems confirmed in the conviction, that in the midst of the Holy Bible church there is a void, which requires time to fill up. Our visit was evidently a source of pleasure to the numbers who came from their distant villages elsewhere. The object of all their hopes is to be able to read the Scriptures, and to have a Bible, a priest and children for, with all their ignorance of the Mystical Meaning of Him whose "name is Love, the Prophet of the Christians."

The Sacrament is a part of the mystery which we have been build. The screens and the secrets hanging about the Holy of Holies, for many years, have gone to an appeal to their Christian brethren in the United States, to send them a Bible. We brought apologies for the phraseology, they begged me to make no apology for the plainness, but I could not bending it forth in its own simple and touching language. I promised to do so, and to-morrow I will send them a Bible, and will write to the Bishop to consider the request of the Muslims. The Board of Foreign Missions in this land of charity will be more than sufficient.

APPEAL.

By God's favor may it, and willing, such Arabs living, and be printed in such a form as to be read where hopeless may the Almighty preserve us from Mohammedanism! (Mohammedanism.)

We are in Kenah, a few very poor Christians, and Mohammedans all around us.

We have brought the Bible to us in this undertaking, for we are very weak.

The last has been expended in the distribution of the tracts for the last seven years.

The church is dedicated to Saint Saviour, and is very humble, for we are a few Christians, surrounded by Moslems.

This being all that is necessary to write to you, Christian brethren, we need say no more.

The trustees in your bounty.

ABDALLAH EN NAGHAR, (Sheikh,)
HASAN EN NAHR,
Kenah, 21 Second Month, 1843.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 19th, Mr. Breese, of Illinois, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported a bill authorizing a grant of land to the State of Illinois in aid of a railroad in the State of Illinois, which was read twice and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Miller brought up his resolution calling upon the President for any information which he may have in his possession relative to the claim of our countrymen with the Government of Spain, with the view of purchasing the claim.

Mr. Berrien was opposed, not merely to the particular claim in consideration, but to the principle of resolutions of a similar character. He thought it a dangerous one on the part of the Senate, in intruding the calls for such information upon the Executive of the public interests. In all negotiations a certain degree of prudence should be observed, and the Senate as well as public affairs, much that was strictly honorable in the course of a negotiation, was concealed, until the ultimate issue of preventing our obtaining advantages on the part of others. Besides, by the adoption of this resolution, the Senate would be encroaching upon the rights and prerogatives of the President. The Executive would be placed in a position disagreeably powerful, and still it appeared that these powers were the duty and sentiment of the public service, the Senate should not assert its control or weaken them.

Mr. Miller replied, giving the reasons somewhat at length in offering the resolution in question. He did not desire to infringe upon the prerogatives of the President—the least as well as the greatest—but only desired to obtain information on a subject in which all citizens of the Union felt a lively interest, and which he thought might be furnished without any serious injury.

After some further remarks, Mr. Miller consented to let the resolution lie over.

[From the above, it seems probable that some correspondence has passed between our own and the Spanish Government relative to this claim.]

Mr. Benton moved that the Senate proceed to the consideration of the joint resolution for the relief of Lieut. Hunter, and for the purpose of taking up the bill to make compensation for the transportation of troops and munitions of war, for the year 1843, for the balance of Panama; which motion was agreed to.

An animated debate sprung up, in which the participants were Messrs. Benton, Calhoun, Dix, Fowler, Allen, Choate and Archer, in favor of the bill.

Mr. Cameron did not favor the bill, as he thought that better terms could be obtained, and obtained.

On the 20th, Mr. Dawson, of Louisiana, asked and obtained leave to bring in a joint resolution, which was read the first and second times, and by unanimous consent, and referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs, relative to the establishment of a semi-monthly mail between New Orleans and Vera Cruz, in consequence of the first class. In offering the resolution, Mr. Dawson spoke of the necessity, in consequence of the peculiar relations now existing between this country and Mexico, of a frequent, regular and speedy communication between the two countries.

Mr. Breese, of Illinois, moved to take up the bill relative to the graduation in the price of public lands, which, after some explanatory remarks, was made the order of the day for the second Monday in January next.

Mr. Dix moved that the Senate proceed to the consideration of the bill to admit certain articles, the growth or production of Canada, into the United States free of duty, on condition that the like articles of the growth or production of the United States are admitted into Canada, free of duty. Which motion was agreed to.

Mr. Dix said that the bill had passed the lower House with little or no opposition—that its expediency was so manifest on its face, that he was sure that a moment's consideration on the part of Senators would secure it that unanimous support which it must

Choice Poetry.

FROM THE N. A. REVIEW.

AMBROSE.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

Brave, manly, was before me,
Three decades since he bore
His shield upon the tourney field,
And with the best could war;
Still clear those years remembered are,
With feet of iron and sweetened oft,
His heart to God's heart up would lift
Through earnest prayer and unreckoning long
His people to know their Shepherd's voice,
Which sounding with the Blessed Word
To make a fruitful season of the Lord,
Of all his gifts the highest one he chose,
To tell the flock in its dear need,
That he hunted a pocket rule,
Learned round about with *The Lord shine Smith*,
To himself he fitted the Scriptures true,
Meted the light to the need of his eyes,
And hence lit no pure and inward spot,
That the work of his fingers was divine.

Their Author said, "All there shall die
The eternal Death, who believe not on I."
And some were buried, as t' learned is fire,
Foreboding ill, that his heart's desire,
For the good of dear's sons, might be excluded
By the drawing of self's- the lightest cloud.

One day, as Ambrose was seeking the truth
In his lonely walk, he saw a youth
Seeing himself (right shade it was),
In bad never been given to him to see
Objects so clear, and the good man thought
'Twere pity he should not believe so he ought.

So he was haunted by the young man's state,
And the sense of his soul with questions would,
But the heart of the stranger was hardened indeed,
Nor received the story of the Saviour's love,
And the spirit of Ambrose was vexed to find
Such here in front of so sorrow a soil.

"An each behold in clouds and fire
The shape that fulfils his own desire,
To whom," said the youth, "in the Law aloud God
The figure and fantasies of his mind,
And to each in the pastry hath God allowed
His several pillar of fire and cloud."

The words of crystal then he took,
And on them stirring the Age of the book.
"As into those vessels th's water I pour,
That clear and bold into, canine now,
And the waters unchanged in every case,
Shall rest on the figure of the vase;
Oh, then, who wouldst unity make through strife,
Let them fit this sign to the Water of Life!"
When Ambrose looked up, he stood alone,
The Youth and the stream and the vase were gone,
But he knew by a sense of humbled grace,
He had talked with an Angel, here to face,
And felt his later change forgiven,
As he fell on his knees beneath the tree.

The Old Times.

PICTURES OF MANNERS IN ENGLAND IN THE TIMES OF JAMES II.

BY T. B. MACAULAY.

An early and highly picturesque chapter of Macaulay's History of England, is occupied with "a description of the state in which England was at the time when the crown passed from Charles II. to his brother"—the period at the opening of the work. Commencing with a brilliant picture of the progress of English wealth, the author turns to a view of the condition of things at a particular era, in popular, law, taxation, the army and navy, the support of officials, agricultural and mineral resources, the people of the country and the towns, the clergymen, the squire, the manners of the capital, the literature, the science, the general cultivation and intelligence. This is a fine field for the unflagging genius of Macaulay's graphic equality in generalization and detail. These are characteristic passages.

THE COUNTRY CLERGY.

The clergy were regarded as, on the whole, a plebeian class. And, indeed, the fact who made the figure of a gentleman, ten were mere menial servants. A large proportion of these divines who had for benefices, or whose benefices were too small to afford a comfortable revenue, lived in the houses of laymen. It had long been evident that this practice tended to degrade the priestly character. Lord Clarendon, himself a firm friend of the clergy, and Charles the First had repeatedly caused previous orders that none but men of high rank should presume to keep domestic chaplains.

But these injunctions had become obsolete. Indeed, during the dominion of the Puritans, many of the ejected ministers of the Church of England were obliged to accept the humble and unthankful functions to the households of the regular gentlemen; and the ladies whom hen were considered as an ample return for his food, his lodging, and his stipend. But this was not the general feeling of the country gentlemen. The cause and argument were changed; and though it belonged to his dignity to have grace said every day at his table by an ecclesiastic in full canonicals, found grace to to the servile dignity with economy. A young lady who wants the please then to have enough he had for his board, a small garret, and to preside a year, and might not tell perform his duties professional might not stay to the most patient of logics and listeners, might not only be always ready to fine weather to bowls, spell, or wonder at the sleeveless, but might also save the expense of a gardener. A man of learning and virtue was often entertained, up the sprouts, and sometimes he carried the couch brawn. He cast up the fatter's accounts. He waited ten miles with a message or a parcel. If he was permitted to dine with the family, he was expected to connect himself with the patient face. He might fill himself with the coarse beef and the carrots: but as soon as the tarts and cheese came on the table, he approached, his spirit and stood aloof. If he was summoned to return thanks for the repast, from a great part of which he had been excluded.

Perhaps after some years of service he was promoted to a living sufficient to support him. But he often found it necessary to purchase his preferment by a species of simony, which furnished an inexhaustible subject of pleasantry to lords or four generations of scoffers and lampooners. The nomination to a benefice was expected to take a wife. The wife had ordinarily been in the patron's service, and it was well if she was not suspected of standing too high in the patron's favour. Indeed, the names of the most distinguished women which the clergymen of that age were the object of flattery, is the most contemptible indication of the degree in which they were treated by their superiors.

Even when the clergyman had married the patron's favourite, he was often forced to purchase his preferment by a present to the lady of the manor. Thus, in the comedy of *The Country Wife*, Sparkish, who is about to bestow a benefice on Horner, exclaims, "Pox on't, I have lost the writing table, and with it the parson's resignation, which I was drawing to get him his orders." Horner, who knows that he has been intriguing with Mrs. Sparkish, replies, "Then you have the more need to make haste to get him his orders, lest another spark should get him a benefice for his mistress."

Nothing could be more natural than that a class of men, who were in this state of dependence and degradation, should be destitute of all self-respect. Accordingly, we find that the divines of the seventeenth century were, as a class, the most servile of human beings. Their servility was, indeed, the more disgusting because it was habitually found in combination with learning, with genius, and with devotion. Men who, in the pulpit, spoke the language of apostles, were, in the antechamber, ready to degrade themselves to the footing of mountebanks. Men who, in their studies, were employed in the most arduous and useful labours, were unable to walk from their parsonage to the neighbouring market town without the air and mien of lackeys.

THE SQUIRE AT HOME.

His chief serious employment was the care of his property. He examined annually his grain, handled pigs, and on market days made bargains over a tankard with drovers and hop merchants. His chief relaxation was derived from field sports and from an unrefined sensuality. His language and his conversation were such as we should now expect to hear only from the most ignorant clowns. His oaths, coarse jests, and dirty anecdotes were seasoned with the most obscene allusions. His sense of humour was entirely confined to the perception of the ludicrous in cookery, in dress, and in the naked deformity of human beings and brutes. He was a great admirer of the Bear Garden, and could tell you how many mastiffs had fought there in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and how the bear had been drawn through the streets in the days of Queen Mary. He revered the Church of England as by law established, and considered the Thirty-nine Articles, the Book of Common Prayer, and the Homilies, as sacred compositions, which it was profaneness to censure. But he troubled himself little about religion. He generally spent the Sunday morning in lounging from his seat in the parish church to the door, and back from the door to his seat, exchanging nods and whispers with his neighbours. In the afternoon he slept. He grudged the poor parson his fee, and was disposed to think that the Sunday was as much profaned by preaching as by working. He was a Tory, because he thought that the Church and the landed interest must stand or fall together. He was a Jacobite, because he thought that the inheritance of property and the succession of generations were the most sacred things in the world. He was a strenuous supporter of the game laws, and was quite ready to shoot a poacher, if he could not catch him in any other way. He was a hater of Frenchmen, of Papists, of Presbyterians, of Independents, of Quakers, and of Jews. Towards London and Londoners he felt an aversion which more than once produced important political effects. His wife and daughter were in manner and acquirements below a housekeeper or a well-room maid of the present day. They stitched and spun, brewed gooseberry wine, cured marigolds, and made the cream for the venison pasty.

FANNY NOT TO BE DOSE.—A newly-imparted freshman was one day standing, with his hook under his arm, at a sop window not thirty miles from Glasgow. The shopkeeper observing him from the door, accosted him thus: "Weel, Pat, what do you want to buy the day?" "What you have not to give me," replied the Irishman. "I'll wager a pound of that what ever you have not to give me, farmer. The latter, pulling a pound from his rags, replied: "It's fine—take your bet. I would not cheat for my book." To poor Pat's astonishment and mortification, the sheath was produced. Away he went for the cash, and, leaving the parcel with the shopkeeper, went to the boat, to get his book, as his way home, and in the presence of a witness that he had got a bet. "Well, Mr.———, what will you take for an earthen chamber pot?" "Why, I have my one ear in the other!" "A pegog," was the reply. The bet being agreed to, the grave cut off about a foot of tobacco, and then, after applying its extremities to Pat's ears, when the latter, pointing to the chamber pot, he angrily exclaimed, "there is one ear, but the other is united to the back of the good door at Dublin." The fogies of the place were obliged to give his ingenious antagonist forty pounds of tobacco before he could get quit of him.

Fashions.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FROM THE WORLD OF FASHION.

Morning Walking Dress.—A dress of a pearl striped damson and light fawn silk: the skirt made extremely full, and longer at the back than in the front: the body cut low, and with sleeves. Scarf-mantelet of black velvet trimmed all round with a full black lace: over the very wide, the small crosses over the cheeks and is fastened at the back, where it descends in two long points: the ends of the scarf are of colored terry velvet, made perfectly plain, and terminated with a narrow black fringe of the velvet, and surmounted with loops of satin ribbon, from which depend two long ends of the same.

Carriage Costume.—A dress of a dark chocolate-colored velvet, over which is worn a cloak satin, where two of the same color, and with pelerine, two or three sables darker than the cloak, and of least a fashion of the kitchen of a great house, and capped by a narrow band of sable, gold cord, and fur. The children were brought up like the children of the neighboring peasantry. His boys followed the plough; and his girls milked the cows. Study he found impossible: for the advancement of his living should hardly have sufficed to support his family. Indeed, he was himself but little superior in intellectual cultivation to the rustics among whom he lived. He could read and write, and had a little Latin, which he had learned from a blundering pedagogue, and which he had long ceased to understand. He had a few books, and he read them over and over again. His favourite volumes were a Bible, a Prayer Book, Fox's Martyrs, Baker's Chronicle, and the Seven Champions of Christendom. His opinions were drawn entirely from these works. He believed the Pope to be Antichrist, and thought that the Thirty-nine Articles were rather too latitudinarian than too severe. His morality was exceedingly severe, though not altogether free from the taint of the age in which he lived. He was a rigid disciplinarian in his family, and had thrashed his children and servants more than any man in the county. But he was by no means disposed to think that the Supreme Being would punish him for every idle word and every venial error. He was, therefore, under no alarm about his future prospects, and was cheerfully looking forward to fifty years more of eating, drinking, and sporting.

A MARRIAGE VAGARY.

The following extract is from the "Mormon Looking-Glass," a new book in the press of Jas. Mormon and Company, Boston:

"Mr. Thomas Day, the well-known author of 'Sanford and Merton,' and a gentleman of unbounded benevolence and the strictest honor, indulged in the following singular vagaries of sage. At the time of his father's death, from whom he inherited considerable property, he was only thirteen months old. When he arrived at years of discretion, he came to the conclusion that he would not marry a woman of the antique model of the most virtuous among the fairest of the land, because of the ever prevailing fashion of wearing powder, &c. Yet, surprising as it may be, the principles he adopted in early youth, became the rule from which he never swerved in after life.

"Having said his first acquaintance when very young, to a somewhat flighty lady, who reported him, he received a strong antipathy to that class of females, and therefore, instead of the romantic resolve of training a young damsel to his own peculiar notions of the sex, he resolved to adopt one.

"He soon as he became of age, he visited the hospital for foundling girls at Shrewsbury, and having given out his intentions to the matron of the institution, and the most satisfactory assurances of his benevolent intentions, was permitted to select two little girls, with the intention of educating them after his own fashion, and marrying the one who should prove to the most sensible in gaining his esteem and affection. The choice fell upon two girls, the one was called Lucretia,—the brunette, Sabrina. The more quietly to pursue his own plans, he removed to France, where, for five or six years, and, in consequence of his not having taken an English servant with him, he was frequently compelled to perform the part of a nurse or a domestic to his young charge. He was consequently begun to read, so that he became a serious of thumps and jerks, when Mr. Samuel Pepkin finally found himself passing, and in pulling, the latter fell to the floor, upon the other side of the desk. The rubbish was passed, but Sammy was well rapped over the fist.

The wags filled the applicant up, dashed a pitcher of water over his head, and (by way of relieving his lungs) and then informed him that he could go, and that he would find their names upon the list, in the Post Office, next morning.

Half dead with fright and exertion, Mr. Pepkin gladly hurried away, and in his last, the next day, he found the following satisfactory notice:

"The Government of the Mutual Prop-erty-Insurance Company, Gentlemen, Esq., Accountant, decade that a man once in this Company, Esq., shall be at liberty to resign it any there, and why, at forty-four years of age, Mr. Samuel Pepkin, Esq., is less than five feet high, is decidedly unconvenient.

"PETER PHILIPS, Sec'y."

Mr. Pepkin gave it up, but he chanced to outlive both his waiters. Posterity suffered nothing by his decease, for in the way of his benefit, his aversion to all sorts of "innovation" was most bitter and determined.—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

The New York Spirit says that a well-known Greek, "Major Depley," long asked as to the tightest place he had ever got into, replied reflective, took a thick, and answered as follows:

"Well, the first time I went down with going from Boston to Orleans, in the old Mobile, the same that's bursted her later since. I came across a man who was in a very tight box—a varmint-looking chap, from somewhere back of Memphis. I hadn't been aboard long, before he and me had a game of cards. Twenty Deck, and by the time we tied up at the Levee, in Orleans, I'd got pretty much all his pocket—for—book, and I hung out to see if he'd come to time. He made to me for a 'Tex,' to go to the *Masquerade*.

"I walked nearly-nine pigeons at one shot, that night, and I'd got my pile to where—Why, didn't you make a hundred while you were about it?" said his friend. "Do you suppose I would tell a fat fool my pigeon?" was the reply.

SPIRITED YOUNG LADY.—A gentleman boarding in the house of a widow lady, who has fourteen, was somewhat annoyed by her playfulness. One day, when he was engaged in writing a piece to one, she down herself of feminine vanity which is sure to run through his nose. "Now, Miss Jane, I am writing a piece to one, she down herself of feminine vanity which is sure to run through his nose." "Indeed, I am so much of a woman as you are."

THE PRICE OF BREAD.—A beggar sat daily in high dress sitting at the window of a line house, and begged her for a piece of bread. The lady went and sent a slice which she threw to him out of the window. It was not to this that the maid blew it away [of man was not to this that the maid blew it away [of man was not to this that the maid blew it away [of man

The Riddler.

STRONOMICAL ENIGMA.

TEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

composed of 24 letters.

7, 10, 20, 97, 18, 7, is a star of the first magnitude in the cluster of the ship Argo.

9, 7, 11, 22, 13, is a double star in the Twins.

20, 6, 16, is a small but beautiful constellation which lies in one of the regions evident to mariners near the Milky Way in bright

, 6, 7, 18, 15, 7, is a star of the 1st magnitude the tail of the Scorpion.

23, 11, 18, 9, 8, is a star in the girdle of Orion

20, 21, 23, 18, 7, is a constellation in the Milky ay

97, 20, 13, 22, is one of the most beautiful ars in the heavens.

18, 23, 21, 9, is a star of the 3rd magnitude the Swan.

23, 24, 18, 7, is a constellation of the South- Hemisphere, which lies very far south, only northern part rises to our view at Philadel ia.

21, 11, 20, 19, 7, is a star of the first magni- de in Canis Major, which is the brightest of all e fixed stars.

3, 21, 97, 2, is a bright star in the constella- on Cassiopeia.

13, 21, 2, is a star which undergoes the great- changes of light of all the variable stars yet scovered, since it varies from the 1st magni- de to invisibility.

15, 9, 6, 12, 17, is a star of the 3rd magni- de in the Dragon

19, 13, 10, 7, is one of the largest constella- ons in the heavens.

20, 16, is a constellation south of the Scor- on's Tail and invisible in the latitude of Phi- delphia

18, 7, 1, 12, 24, 2, is a star in Ursa Major.

, 9, 3, 12, 16, 20, 1, 18, 19, 9, is a star of the 2 magnitude in Taurus.

3, 13, 20, 24, 23, 20, is one of the Pleiades.

1, 20, 23, 97, 13, 21, is a constellation of the ens.

17, 21, 21, 19, is a star of the 2nd magnitude Perseus, remarkable for the peculiar change- ariness of its light

1, 3, 27, 16, 19, 17, 16, is a beautiful star of the st magnitude in Aries.

, 23, 19, 23, 13, is the most beautiful constel- tion in the heavens

6, 7, 12, 15, 20, is a star in the left arm of ernicus

20, 27, 4, 19, 7, is a constellation which does t rise above our horizon.

whole is the name of a distinguished mem- the French Assembly, and one who joined in the revolutionary movements of that body.

C. W. C.

CHARADE.

hen Flora decks the silent grave,
nd every latent reach we trace,
hen hill and dale all dress appear
s Lion that left another year;
th loosens sweet, and wild bloo' hue.
n Nature's parent garb or come,
nd the gay and flow'ry throng
ake my lead, and bloom among
he earliest and the latest flowers
hat deck those varied fields of ours.
o speak more plain—in bounds more close,
wo syllables my name compose.
y first an animal will make
s noted rancing and high time
In sportsmen's vernacular, and my use,
s catering for a lady's kind.
hen pride or cool decision command,
Has never yet been once surpass'd.

ATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

dder,—I see that a number of Mathematical ns have appeared in the Post this while past n publish the following two and

ion.—Four trees stand in such a manner that m two straight lines join the side of each from the first to the second tree is 40 perches, second to the third tree is 50 perches, from d to the fourth tree is 60 perches—and from to the second tree is 70 perches, while the between the first and fourth tree measure ches. Now in the line between the second fourth tree, 30 perches from the said second and tree, is a high rock; and in the line be- the first and fourth tree at their particular spot rock is also the third tree below the third in a with a fox in it. The question is—to find that ding his distance from any of these trees.

JACOB CRIKE.

CONUNDRUMS.

Who, in a tetanic surprised at the letter G?
I will conceive one miscarries.
Where did La Fayette go when he went out
ntinuch year?
Into his fifteenth.
What is that that every one thinks of in getting
d from and every one thinks of in leaving?
The answer

WERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.
Benjamin Franklin, Joseph Lane,
John Quincy Adams.

RIDDLE—Water.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION
to value his flax at 14 39-52 pence per pound
ding to Federal currency 16 8-15 cents, in order
an even Dollar with A

The Olio.

Tigers.—It is a remarkable fact, that
e Tigers seldom or never attack Euro-
They consume the natives by do-
ad Dr. Solberg could get no account of
fought on a Dutchman or on any other
man. The Javans are well aware of
nd assert, that if a number of Euro-
amongst whom there is only one native,
ened to the attack of a tiger, the native
atably the victim. The assertion is
ed by many examples. Dr. Solberg
ives various reasons for this exemp-
of epicurism, whichever it may be
, on the part of the tiger, and, amongst
hypotheses, suggests, that the animal
e partial to the lungs of the Javans,
mit their yellow carcasses with contu-
. The Javans themselves explain it
ely, and maintain that the souls of Eu-
e pass, after death, into the bodies of
a bitter satire upon those whose ma-
was to civilize and improve, and who,
often, have preferred to persecute and
. Such a superstition demonstrates
what whole volumes of history, after
ascover the first acquaintance was made
th like actless, peaceful people, and their
an conquerors.

ics.—The question has often been agi-
what is the difference between A sharp
Flat? Will the Musical Library or the
al Gazette please answer.—Salem Ad

ressed instruments, there is no dif-
e and they are therefore incorrect.
e a difference, almost imperceptible,
ce, which is observed by players on
olin, violoncello, and similar instru-
and by correct singers.—A sharp being
higher than B flat. Good flute players,
ill, by tuning the instrument more
en or lower it toward the mouth, produce the
ound. We have heard of an organ, in
d, which, by a succession of stops, in-
ly contrived, enables the player to
the semi-tones with the slight dif-
they really have from the manner in
they are necessarily represented by
characters. By such an invention,
ity of the harmony must be greatly en-
—Lynn News.

Years.—The year 1849—The year 1849 is the
th of the Independence of the United
—the 6362nd year of the Julian pe-
the 5860th—10th since the Creation,
ng to the Jews; the 2972d according
, since the foundation of Rome;—the
since the era of Nabonassar, which
n assigned to Wednesday, the 26th of
y, of the 3967th year of the Julian pe-
which corresponds, according to chro-
, to the 747th, and according to as-
ers, to the 748th year before Christ—
5th year of the Olympiads, or the 1st
the 657th Olympiad, beginning in
949, if we fix the era of the Olympiads
years before Christ, or at or about the
ng of July of the year 3938 of the Ju-
iod;—the 1264th—64th year [of 12
.] since the Hegira or flight of Ma-
which as is generally supposed took
the 16th of July, in the year 622 of
ristian era.

ick Sand.—When the celebrated en-
Brunel, who accomplished the despe-
ndertaking of tunnelling the Thames
ow brought before a Committee of the
Parliament, he was asked if a speed of
miles per hour on a certain Railroad
e much more dangerous to the travel-
it than a speed of forty.
ould be just the same," said he.
a speed of ninety?"
the same."
a speed of one hundred?"
the same! Fie," added he, "if the
hild run off the track at the rate of
e per hour the passengers would all
ed—and at one hundred miles per
r mail not conveniently go any fas-

he magnanimity does not consist in
ing, but in rising every time we
dmit.